THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Pacific Theo Sem Reading Room

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see,
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty,—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

The Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest
Comes, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

—William Cullen Bryant.

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

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Goldsmith's Kindness.

Hearing of Dr. Goldsmith's great humanity, a poor woman, who believed him to be a physician, once wrote to him begging him to prescribe for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was altogether in a bad state. The kind-hearted poet immediately went to see her, and, after some talk with the man, found him almost overwhelmed with sickness and poverty.

"You shall hear from me in an hour," said the doctor, on leaving, "and I will send you some pills which I am sure will do you good." Before the time was up, Goldsmith's servant brought the poor woman a small box, which, on being opened, was found to contain ten guineas, with the following directions: "To be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart."—London Sunday-School Times.

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A King on His Knees.

King James II. one day lost some important papers. He hunted for them until at last he got into a great rage because he couldn't find them. Then he met an old Scotch servant who had been a long time in his service, and charged him with the loss. Gib (that was his name) said that he knew nothing of them. But the king grew very angry and said: "Gib, remember I gave them to you to take care of; what have you done with them?" Gib fell on his knees, and declared that he had not received them. Then the king kicked him as he kneeled at his feet. Gib rose and left the apartment, saying: "I have always been faithful to your majesty, and I have not deserved such treatment. I cannot remain in your service. I shall never see you again!"

Not long after the person to whom the king had actually given the papers returned them. The king was ashamed of his conduct, and sent some one after the old servant. Very reluctantly Gib came again into the royal presence when the king got down on his knees before him, and said that he would not rise until he forgave him. The servant tried to evade the matter, and begged his master to rise, but he would not, till assured that the insult was fully forgiven.

It is a maxim in a monarchy that "the king can do no wrong." It is pleasant to find one who, having done a wrong, was humble enough to confess it, and beg pardon, even of a servant.—American Boy.

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, October 15, 1903

GRACE BEFORE READING.

Such a thing was suggested first of all, perhaps, by Charles Lamb, who protested against the exclusive right of eating to such a prelude. And why is the suggestion not a good one? What has the giver of every good gift given us more worthy of a brief thanksgiving than that which is "a book in shape but, really, pure crude fact secreted from a man's life?" It is true that all books are not worthy of a grace before being read. But have we not here a good test as to what books are worth our reading? Would it not be a good rule not to sit down before any intellectual repast upon which we cannot conscientiously ask the blessing of God? Our only hope of escaping fatty degeneration of the mind in these days of literary carnival is to be exceedingly temperate, and to resist the devil when he comes to us in the form of catalogue, agent, slightly damaged stock, or installment plan.

Glue yourselves to that which is good, writes Paul; and his motto applies to books. From his prison the same man urged young Timothy not to forget the books, when he came. We cannot tell to what books Paul referred, but we know that they were good books, because his life was drawing to a close, not unknown to him, and there was no time for anything but the best reading. Old men should read new books, and young men should read old books, it is said. Certainly all men should read only good books, for there is no time in our busy lives for anything else. We shall call for more books in the coming days. What shall they be? All the bad books we will put from us; they are no temptation. Our choice will then lie between a host of indifferently good books and the select number of thoroughly good. Right at this choice do we run great danger of missing again some of life's richest opportunities. The good is always the worst enemy of the best. When time and capacity are both so limited, why not have our table furnished by the choicest intellectual caterers and with the wholesomest mental food?

Carlyle calls a collection of good books a real university, whose privileges are free to all. A famous American preacher, writing from his study at eighty years of age, speaks thus, "All the goodly company of the excellent and the great sit around my table, or look down at me from my shelves, waiting patiently to answer my questions and enrich me with their wisdom." From the writer of one of earth's greatest books comes this testimony, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." Thanks to modern invention, the best books are generally the cheapest. There is not one of us but can have one of Carlyle's universities in his home. It is never too late to mend in this matter. We need not only to be willing, but also to will, that henceforth we will be more particular as to that upon which we feed our minds.

First, we ought to make our own by purchase as many as possible of these best books; then make them our own by patient, persistent perusal. We must in the language of Ezekiel, eat the words of these illumined men of mighty intellect and soul. Then, gradually, our minds will be born again. Certainly the truths injected through the means of the written characters will transfigure our surroundings and transform ourselves. Above all is this true of the first book that was ever printed by movable types, the Bible. Perhaps we have been through the Bible many times. It would be worth far more to us if we would let the Bible go through us once, assimilating it till it is a part of ourselves. Less quantity and less variety upon the table at which our minds are fed, and better quality; this is what most of us need. Then with clear conscience, good spirits and truly thankful heart we can say grace.

ENDEAVOR—WHAT?

The Christian Endeavor idea is waiting still for its full interpretation. Experience will help us to a clearer knowledge of what is implied in the term, but experience comes slowly. Etymology is an aid to the formation of definite conceptions, and to etymology let us go. "Endeavor" strictly means "to act in the sphere of duty," and this goes far toward clearing the ground for us. We are not called to do anything but our duty in home or church or place of business. To be a Christian Endeavorer is to be striving to do one's duty as a Christian, in every walk of life, under all conditions, in all weathers.

This seems to lack the element of novelty which is commonly associated with the name. Is not the society of Christian Endeavor something new? It has just reached its majority. Yes, but there were Endeavorers before the Endeavor movement began—long before. The woman of whom Jesus said, "She hath done what she could;" Dorcas of Joppa, who "was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did;" Gaius, who walked in truth and was given to hospitality, these were true endeavorers. Their example has done much to stir Christian men and women to love and good deeds. Had they and such as they not lived, there would be no Christian Endeavorers today, for all that is good in the "Endeavor idea" has been wrought out

in Christian experience through all the centuries since Jesus, the Master Endeavorer, went about doing good.

Christian Endeavorers are true to their name, then, when they are in the way of duty. If it seems a commonplace thought, it needs but a little more "endeavor" to put freshness into it and make it shine with the beauty of the Christian graces. It will be new for every one who makes trial of it in his own life. Goodness and faith and humility are always beautiful, and when seen in any human character for the first time they are as new and fresh as the flower that has just opened its petals to the wooing of the sun.

To be pure in heart, to keep a bridle on the tongue, to visit the sick and the afflicted, to love as the Father in heaven loves, gratuitously and impartially, to tend babies for tired mothers who could not otherwise go to church, to do the thousand and one unofficial, unostentatious things which come in one's way, and which cannot be done without the exercise of self-denial,—this is to be an "Endeavorer" after Jesus' heart. When Christian Endeavor societies make these things the goal of their striving, they will be fulfilling their mission and deserving the confidence of all who love the kingdom of God.

There are many Endeavorers who make diligent efforts to live after this goodly pattern. May their tribe increase! It is well for us all to keep their example before us as a spur to similar faithfulness. It is so easy to talk, and so hard to live as a Christian ought to live, that we are in danger of thinking ourselves good Endeavorers if we attend the meetings of the society and take part in the exercises, while we may be destitute of the graces we talk about so glibly. It is better not to go to the meeting if some door of service opens to us through which for us at just that moment the path of duty lies. Let us not magnify the meeting overmuch. As a rule, perhaps, we can attend, and ought to attend, the meeting, but at its best the meeting is but a means to an end. It should be an aid to positive Christian living, to those homely, everyday virtues which do so much to commend the gospel of Christ to the world. Whatever it may do for others, it is doing us harm if it simply affords us an opportunity to say nice things about how a Christian ought to live, but fails to make us faithful to duty, sincere of speech, singleminded and steadfast in our Christian purpose.

The religion of Jesus Christ places a premium upon the life of every man who will accept of it. A dignity and strength is added to the character of the individual that the world cannot give, making him worth more to himself and to his fellowmen than he otherwise would be. You are a more influential man today by reason of your faith in Jesus Christ; therefore do not be ashamed of it. It is not a reproach to be a believer in God and in the Church, but it is a disgrace to be a disbeliever. We have a cause of which we can justly feel proud.

THE EDITORIAL VISIT TO THE NORTHWEST.

My account of my Washington trip ended last week as the Northern Pacific train was drawing near to the little town of Pasco, on the Columbia river. It was possible this time to keep the eye on Pasco, for the day was not a windy one. Some time the region thereabout will blossom like the rose. Irrigation will bring it about. The Columbia and Snake rivers lie considerably below the level of the surrounding country. Irrigation therefore being rather difficult, it has not yet been attempted. But steps are being taken now by some capitalists in Seattle to irrigate from fifty to seventy-five thousand acres. The soil is rich, and on the sage-brush desert around Pasco there will in all probability be in a few years a flourishing and handsome town of several thousand inhabitants.

Irrigation has brought marvelous changes in the valley around North Yakima, about seventy-five miles further west. This is now a beautiful little city of 7,000 inhabitants. Approaching the city from the east one sees Mt. Adams looming up gloriously off to the south; and more to the west, Mt. Ranier peeps up in her snow-clad beauty. Here and there in the valley rich green spots greet the eye. But its productiveness is revealed only when one has the opportunity of driving through it. Such an opportunity was afforded me by the kindness of one of the members of our church at North Yakima, and the fine farms were a revelation. It pays there this year to have hay to sell at $12 or $14 a ton, and it pays to grow alfalfa on land that will give three good crops during the season. Think of an apple tree bearing twenty-five boxes of apples, and those boxes bringing $1.25 each at the depot!

A few hours at the State Fair convinced me that Washington is to hold no second place on the Pacific coast as a fruit producing state, citrus fruits excepted. The Wenatchee region, a little to the north, on the Great Northern, is especially noted for fruit.

The Congregational Church at North Yakima is growing under the leadership of Rev. H. P. James. For several years the house of worship was badly located, the railroad separating it from the larger and better residence portion of the town. Since the location was changed the church has been winning its way gradually to a much more influential place in the community. Mr. James has been in charge two years and is one of the popular pastors of that beautiful and prosperous little city.

Two weeks ago I penned an editorial note in which mention was made of the accumulations of not a few people in the wheat growing regions of eastern Washington. I have heard of another case. Six years ago a young man went to work as a clerk in a store on a salary of $60 a month. He was advanced soon to $75 and then to $110. He put his money into wheat land; raised a good crop and bought more land and so on until he had acquired a tract which he sold a few months ago for $85,000. A few years ago it was not thought that wheat could be grown with profit in that part of the state. It was believed to be too dry. It borders on the district where irrigation is necessary. From the foot of the Cascade mountains to the eastern border of the state, Washington is a vast lava plain. The rock is a basalt, very rich in minerals, containing iron, lime, potash, and phosphoric acid. Wherever the rock has decomposed sufficiently to form a soil the land is very fertile and is first-class for diversified farming where

there is enough rain-fall or where it can be irrigated. The rocks lie not very far below the surface, and act as a reservoir for moisture, which they yield up during the dry summer months, thus making it possible to grow excellent crops of wheat in regions where not much else will grow well without irrigation. It is on such land as this, bought at a low figure, that so many people have during the last half dozen years made so much money in wheat.

From North Yakima to Seattle I had the pleasure of the company of the Rev. W. C. Merritt, who is doing a most excellent work as Secretary of the State Sunday School Association. Mr. Merritt is an enthusiastic Washingtonian and has at his tongue's end many arguments in support o the ardent belief of people of that State in general that the great city of the Pacific coast will be on Puget Sound ultimately. But he delights more in talking of the affairs of the Kingdom of Christ than in these other matters, and is doing a work that will endure. Of late he has been conducting a series of Sunday School conventions, with the plan of reaching thus every county in the State and laying foundations for better Bible teaching and study. If he is not gathering as much earthly treasure as some others are, he is certainly gathering far more of the heavenly.

Seattle as usual impresses the visitor with its bustle and push—always going ahead. One hundred and sixty thousand is the population claimed now. But Seattle has always had the reputation of claiming a great deal. One hundred and thirty thousand would, doubtless, be the conservative estimate. Just now the politicians are very busy claiming that King county ought to have a United States senator, which means, in other words, that Seattle ought to have the Senator, for Seattle makes King county in large part. It is not easy for an outsider to understand why Seattle should have a United States senator. It is easy enough to see why she desires one. Seattle is nothing if not ambitious. She is Napoleonic in her ambition.

Our church work in the Queen City of the Northwest seems to be in good condition. I was especially impressed with the fine location of Pilgrim Church, of which the Rev. E. L. Smith is pastor, and with the good congregation the Sunday morning I attended worship there. The Congregationalists in that part of the city are in general more loyal to the church near them than Congregationalists are in some other of our coast cities, and fine foundations are being laid there both in the church and Sunday School. The other churches are well located and there is every reason for the belief that Congregationalism will show marked growth all over the city. There are indications that it may be stronger in ten or fifteen years than in any other Pacific Coast city. In the number of churches Seattle leads already.

There is great need in the homes there for the denominational paper. There, as elsewhere in the state, people lack religious information and therefore inspiration to do what is needful. Throughout the state, denominational interests outside of those of the local church are not supported as they ought to be. There should be larger contributions for foreign missions, home missions, church building and Sunday School missionary work. Washington needs to awake to the fact, as California has, that there is money at home to take the place, in part at least, of that which is given in the East for their help and upbuilding. A recognition of this fact and action accordingly would result in a better and more substantial upbuilding. Some persons who regard themselves as unable to give more largely are rendering themselves unable, for the time being, by putting their earnings back into their business or into investments too closely. Even the wealthiest man can thus be without ready money all the time.

As to The Pacific it can be said that there is scarcely a pastor in the state who does not value it highly, and who is not really anxious for his people to subscribe for it; but with excuse after excuse many homes are closed against it. In Plymouth Church, Seattle, the paper ought to have four times the list it does have. Dr. Temple calls attention to it frequently in a highly commendatory way. On a recent Sunday he carried a copy into his pulpit and read for what he regarded as a most fitting close for his sermon one of the beautiful poems appearing from time to time on the cover page. When I contemplate the indifference with which the average Christian of today receives many of the suggestions of persons who have their welfare at heart, I recall the words of Christ, in the lament over Jerusalem: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but ye would not."

Snohomish was visited next. And here also a few years have wrought many changes. The rather scraggy, unkempt village of some years ago has developed into a busy and beautiful place of about 3,000 inhabitants. It is an important lumber and shingle center, and evidences of prosperity are seen on every hand. Our church in Snohomish is in fine condition under the pastoral care of the Rev. C. L. Mears. Sunday evening congregations fill the house, which is one of considerable capacity. The Cosmopolis Club has proved of great advantage in reaching and influencing the men, turning them not only to a consideration of vital present day questions, but to those which have more intimately to do with things spiritual and heavenly.

Puget Sound Academy occupies a commanding position in Snohomish, and is doing an excellent work under six professors, Mr. A. W. Taylor, recently of Nebraska, being principal. The Academy was moved from Coupeville on Whidley Island a few years ago, the fine new court house building having been purchased after the county seat had been transferred to Everett. Plans have been drawn for a new building to be used as a girls' dormitory. It will cost about $5,000. This institution, undoubtedly, has an excellent corps of teachers. It ought to have the hearty, cordial support of all Puget Sound Congregationalists, and be made a great influence for good in western Washington.

Oregon.

The last stop on this trip of which I make note was in Oregon, at Eugene, where I had the pleasure of meeting the new pastor, the Rev. R. T. Cross and Mrs. Cross, and realized more than ever before that this coast is indeed to be congratulated on the addition to its forces of these choice and consecrated workers. They are making for themselves a warm place in the hearts of the people of Eugene. But their interest is not in Eugene only. It is already manifest in the larger fellowship in the state and along the whole coast. May their years be many yet, and may the good work in Colorado and in Nebraska be completed on these shores.

Among the other persons whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Eugene was Prof. Joseph Schafer of the department of history of the University of Oregon, and who is writing a history of the Pacific Coast to be one volume in a series to be published in Philadelphia. Prof. Schafer is a member of the church at Eugene, as

are also several other of the professors in the University—the veteran and widely honored Professor Condon being of the number. This week the pastor moves into the new parsonage, which is perhaps the finest in Oregon.

One of the pleasant features of my visit in Eugene was the meeting of an old college friend, Mr. W. O. Zeigler, the proprietor of the Hoffman House, a very popular hotel, whose guest I was while in that city, and whom I had seen only once before for twenty-two years. The beautiful and finely-arranged new High School building, now nearly completed, is taking some of this friend's time just now, he being one of the building committee. With the completion and occupancy of that new building, and with the advantages of the State University, Eugene will be one of the best equipped cities educationally on the coast. It is a splendid compliment which the Rev. R. T. Cross pays to Eugene when he calls it "the Colorado Springs of the North-west." He had not thought that he would ever find here any place in which he would delight as he had in Colorado Springs, where he resided for several years; but he delights in Eugene.

Among the churches doing a good work in Eugene is that of the United Brethren in Christ. It has a fine location out near the University. The Rev. M. McDonald is pastor. Both pastor and people will be pleasant persons for the Congregationalists of Oregon to have fellowship with if that affiliation between United Brethren, Methodist Protestants and Congregationalists, which is being considered, should be arranged.

The Congregational Church at Corvallis is greatly encouraged under the pastorate of the Rev. Edward F. Green. Since Mr. Green entered on the work there a few months ago, seventeen have been added to the membership. The town is over churched at present; but it is the seat of the State Agricultural College, which has an attendance of not less than six hundred students each year; is surrounded by a fine farming and fruit country; has two railroads, and must in the nature of things grow into a much more populous place. The population now is about 2,500. The new pastor is reaching out after the men as they have not been reached after heretofore. Hopeful himself, he inspires others with hope.

"Ordinary."

This is the term by which the Pullman Company now designates its tourist cars. I made the trip one way from San Francisco in the regular Pullman, the other way in the "ordinary." In the latter was encountered a finer lot of people than in the former. Most of the best people of our country are ordinary. Abraham Lincoln once remarked that God must think a great deal of the common people, for he had made so many of them.

They who direct the running of these cars on the Southern Pacific might learn a valuable lesson from the management on the Northern Pacific, and furnish other than the common towel. Until they do, carry your own towels when you travel in this manner.

W. W. F.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Minister's Relief Society of California for the election of officers and such other business as may come before it, will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Building in this city at 12:15 o'clock p. m., on Monday, October 19th, 1903.

Walter Frear, Secretary.

The Bystander.

The Woodland Meeting.

The object of having a State Association is to transact certain necessary business, establish fellowship, take account of stock, examine the compass of our denomination and—make speeches. It is not a law making body, but a maker of opinion. It is not an evangelistic service, but a thermometer which registers the year's work. The most important action was probably that which had to do with federation. Other resolutions were more or less conventional. The meetings were sustained in interest, and thoroughly profitable. The spirit of liberal thought was uppermost in the intellectual life of the meetings, and in all the discussions of the Bible critical rather than devotional. For the first time in years the young progressives were the ruling spirit of all the meetings. A new class of men are coming to the front. The speeches of the home missionaries were effective and impressive. Congregationalism was brushed until the dust flew. There was an atmosphere of criticism, but not fault-finding. Questions were discussed without gloves. Men spoke frankly on important topics. The denomination is stronger for this meeting.

The people in Woodland take good care of the delegates. The action on "pooling" the expenses henceforth was timely. The program had more nut than shell, more meat than sentiment, and went through with a rush. The uniformly good attendance was an assurance of interest in everything that was said and done.

The flies were numerous and brave. They like Congregationalists—these Woodland flies, and they made the most of their opportunity. The railroad tickets were discussed more than anything else. They were mentioned after every important action. They came in after impressive prayers, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. They were as great a nuisance as the flies. It is a pity that the abominable railroad business cannot be so arranged as not to become a part of every State Association program.

Rev. Mr. Smoot, pastor of the Woodland Church, won all hearts by his genial spirit, and business energy.

Jonathan Edwards.

The two hundredth anniversary of Edwards has called forth some good things about the man and his message. Edwards was a great thinker. He started no movement, wrote no creed, established no system, but he influenced the world with his iron logic. He belonged to the Old Testament prophets. James Lane Allen calls him "the hoarsest voice of the new world ravens," but as a raven he is a thousand times better than a pulpit canary. He has often been compared to Dante. Florence loves Dante and Northampton loves Edwards. Both were driven to the wilderness. Jonathan Edwards preached the littleness and unworthiness of man, and the sovereignty and greatness of God. He believed God had a peculiar message to the elect. He laid great stress on the will, and held to the dogma of everlasting punishment and, as is supposed, to a material hell. He preached against the sins of Northampton's youth, and after twenty-three years of service was driven off to the Indians. Then he became president of Princeton.

Naturally there was a reaction. Unitarianism and Universalism are traced to his severe theology. They are the extreme contradictions of Edwards. Some one

has called himself a Unitarian—Universalist—which means that a Unitarian thinks he is too good to be damned, and a Universalist believes that God is too good to damn him. Turn these around and you have the heart of the Edwards theology.

Jonathan Edwards must be judged from the standpoint of his own times. He is not to be condemned, but, as Prof. Buckham said in his address before the State Association of Congregational Churches, "Whittier must have his say as well as Edwards."

The Bible of Edwards is very different from the Bible of George Adam Smith or Lyman Abbott. He lived before the day of Biblical criticism. Now every text and author and date is tested. Men are growing weary of theological discussions, and are returning to the testimony of the soul Our fathers who believed what we reject are accepted for what they are worth. We inherit from them the alphabet of faith, for which we should be grateful. No man is absolutely independent in his theological convictions. He no more makes them himself than he makes the hat he wears. Men are not returning to Edwards, but rather to a better perspective of what Edwards really believed.

A Tempest in a Tea-Pot.

Seveal days ago a prominent Episcopal rector of San Francisco ventured to express his doubt about a material hell, whereupon the San Francisco Examiner solicited opinion on this important dogma. The Examiner imagines it has found something important—a weak link in the chain of religious belief, and "interviews" many prominent divines on the subject of a material hell, a dogma that is as completely disregarded as last year's bird's nest. The joke is not on the rector, who little dreamed he was saying a new thing, but on the Examiner, which tried to make it a sensation in theological thinking. It is only another illustration of the fact that the secular papers have little idea of what the Church is thinking. Does the Examiner know that Garfield was shot or that the waters of the bay once came up to Montgomery street? Does it also know that the average minister believes in a hell quite sufficient for the ordinary sinner? The fact is we know little or nothing about the subject, and the best thing every man can do is to do his best, and in that way keep out of trouble here and hereafter.

Dr. Greer of New York.

The rector of St. Bartholomew has been appointed coadjutor to Bishop Potter of the New York diocese. This means that Dr. Greer will succeed Bishop Potter. The new Bishop is a man of very un-Episcopalian personality. He looks like a well-to-do clerk or business man, with his waxed mustache and business suit, but he is a great preacher and pastor. He and Dr. Rainesford have solved the institutional church problem if anybody has. Dr. Greer has done much for the poor, has opened banks, and used the great wealth of his parish for the benefit of the people. There is probably no church like St. Bartholomew's in the United States. All other churches are comparatively insignificant, so varied are its branches of work, so wonderful its resources. In this church Dr. Greer has $200,000,000 to work with. The Episcopal Church has certainly succeeded in building up strong organizations in the large cities, and its success is due not entirely to money, but to men who have been singularly strong and well equipped.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

The Association at Woodland.

Beautiful weather, capable moderators, delightful hospitality, an intellectual program, well prepared papers, frank and courteous discussion, an ambitious and useful committee, a most genial and lovable pastor, and the habit of having splendid Associations, all conspired to make the Association at Woodland a joy to us all.

The Problem of Prompt Attendance in Early Morning Solved.

Brother Brown fecit. He made the Acts of the Apostles luminous much as G. Campbell Morgan did the teachings of the minor prophets at Seattle. Every seat was filled on time. "I told you so." To the committee on program and the faithful and accommodating commentator be the credit. Bro. Bade, with his ripe scholarship and modest worth would have filled the house the same way. I think, too, Bystander could have stirred us out in the early morning. Yet could I change, by wishing, the rich program I humbly think it would have been a little richer had Bro. Rader spoken to an open-air meeting from the band-stand. How we applauded his ringing sentence: "It is a splendid thing to be a minister of Jesus Christ!" I met some charming young men outside of the church to whom I would have liked to have our eloquent brother say in his trumpet tones: "It is a glorious thing to be a Christian!"

Teaching the gospel is great. Training youth is great. But is it all? Are preaching and converting to be lost arts among us? I do not write critically or cynically. I never learned that. Let us all rejoice that a way has been found to get the brethren, sisters, too, out early and on time.

No Recesses.

Such winning persons and papers followed the Bible readings that many sat right through to the dinner hour. If the cushions could speak they would say they never were so sat down upon. If the sitters should confess they would admit that their hips were tired. Dear, dear, dear brethren of the next committee, I plead, entreat, implore for our next meeting, wherever it may be, that the program read: "10:30 to 10:35 a. m., handshaking and fresh air;" "3:00 to 3:05 p. m., fresh air and fellowship." Everybody felt loving and social, but there was little chance to express it. As soon as the meeting was out, courtesy to our hosts demanded that we go to our meals. You young men who are in training for moderators and hope to measure up to the successful Adam' plan to give your audiences fresh air privileges. He could rest by calling on the gracious Baldwin for relief, but we had no assistant sitters and so we sat, sat, sat until weary. And as aspiration and even yearning for betterment is the privilege of Christians, and the birth-right and birth-mark of true Congregationalists, consider yourself ordained, young brother, who dost seriously long to be useful to your brethren, to ask moderators of long and crowded meetings that the sons and daughters of the King may have a whiff, at opportune times, of the sweet free air of heaven. May not Aloha find a successor and retire from his long, long service as fresh air crank?

Vent.

I do not for a moment think there was any such inten-

tion on the part of the committee, but there was almost no place for spontaneity of expression in speech or prayer. The time for discussion was a little more generous than it sometimes is. The committee be praised for that. The moderators did call for prayers. But with love abounding this most loyal critic confesses that one short devotional service and one "open parliament" hour would have made a splendid program more splendid still. It was good to hear Brothers Pond and Rowell pray. May that Association be long coming which shall miss these inspirations. The veteran Warren's benediction abides. The thoughtful telegrams and messages to Brothers Haven and Perkins and Day so proved the great heart of the Association that I feel like throwing my audacious pencil in the fire for daring to take a mentor strain. Yet my sincere prayer for the next Association is that it may have as much brains and learning and preparation and love as this, with a little more of spontaneity and vent.

Womanly Wit.

There have been perhaps more brilliant missionary meetings than the devout women led at Woodland. I do not underrate its preparation and its interest. Its spirit was beautiful—effective. Mrs. Perkins could have afforded to tarry at Auburn, aside from her wifely duty there, for the sake of forwarding an object lesson such as Mrs. Peck gave us of the Union Spirit which the best women have for all Christian Missions. While the winsome sister from China knows most about Foreign Missions, she spoke in most Catholic and effective spirit for all. God bless "the devout women not a few" who pray and plan for the Kingdom. If Mrs. Farnum could hear all the kind things said of her for her large-mindedness, which in no way interferes with her faithfullness as an officer of the Foreign Board, she would anticipate some of the satisfaction of heaven. I am reminded of an experiment tried at the East sometimes. It is fit for California, where we "covet earnestly the best." Keen program-makers set the keen society representatives to changing their speeches and praising each other's societies. Wouldn't it be good to hear Brother Tenney, after his ringing speech at Woodland, pleading for a general missionary for the California H. M. Society. What a paper Supt. Harrison could write in favor of pushing the work in China. I would like to hear Brother Wickoff's clarion voice sketching the fruitfulness of the work of the Sunday School Society as he sees it in his wide field. And Brother Singer's appeal for church buildings to house the churches which have grown out of his Sunday Schools would be a very lunch-box of good things. If Brother Pond's big heart would overflow for the mountain whites and the burning Negro it would but punctuate his unceasing zeal for the Chinese.

If our wise men do not catch some point from this our women of wit will.

Good News for Scott Valley.

Rev. W. E. Eckles and wife hear the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." Wise and winsome enough for a parish of comfort and culture near the bay, they enter this great field, forty miles by six, in the true missionary spirit. God bless them! He will. How can we bless them, or bless ourselves helping hem? Five regular preaching stations await them, and more other openings than one man can fill. Brother Atkinson pleads for a stereopticon for them. Aloha can contribute some assorted missionary pictures and a few of general value. What generous layman, what aspiring C. E. Society will undertake this fruitful investment? Rev. W. E. Eckles' present address is Sebastopol, Cal.

A. M. A. Pictures.

The American Missionary Association have put in the hands of Minister Farwell at Saratoga a hundred most interesting stereopticon pictures which churches may borrow by paying express charges.

THE DRAMA OF THE HUMAN FACE.

By Rev. Elwin L. House, D. D.

There is a drama in every face that comes to maturity. The face we may have at ten is the one nature has given us. But the faces we have at fifty are the ones we have furnished for ourselves. "The old man's face is a history; the young man's face is a prophecy."

This being true, is it not strange, that through all the centuries men have held themselves aloof from any study of the face as a method of revelation. And yet here we may find one of the most interesting revelations that God has made to man. The heavens no more indicate God's glory than the face the glory of the soul of man. Emerson, in speaking of the wonderful expressiveness of the human body, observes that "if it were made of glass or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning." What is of greater interest than to watch the faces of a crowd of people, and read the many life dramas seen therein! "The smile of affection, the glance of sympathy, the expression of surprise, the firm set lips; the look of despair, the mirror of dead hopes, the lines of toil, hardship, dissipation and suffering," they all reveal life, and carry their message quickly to the keen observer.

No doubt the rules of physiognomy, like those of every other science, have their exceptions. Some assert with the witty Moore that

> In vain we fondly trace
> The soul's reflection in the face;
> In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
> Crooked mouth or short proboscis;
> Boobies have looked as wise and bright
> As Plato or the Stagyrite;
> And many a sage and learned skull
> Has peeped through windows dark and dull."

Thus, of the ferocious ruffian, Claverhouse, Sir Walter Scott tells us that he had a "beautiful and melancholy visage of the most pathetic dreams of romance;" and Lord Byron says that the cruel Ali Pacha was "the mildest looking gentleman" he ever saw. On the other hand, the heavy brow, coarse, blunt, stone mason face and protruding cheek bones of Michael Angelo utterly belied his genius. But these are exceptions to the general rule. The face is the geography of the soul. The fossiliferous rocks that are uncovered today bear the traces of rain drops and foot-prints of birds made long ago, and destined to last to the end of time. More sensitive and susceptible still is the substance of the human soul, upon which every thought, feeling, volition, and action makes an impression, and the sum of these impressions makes character upon the face.

A recent writer says: "Men cannot long act apart. Hypocrisy drops unconsciously its mask. Dickens exhibits Monks as beginning his career as an innocent and beautiful child; but as ending his life as a mass of solid bestiality, a mere chunk of freshed iniquity. It

was thinking upon vice and vulgarity that transformed the angel boy's face into the countenance of a demon, and it could not be concealed. He who thinks of mean and ugly things will soon show mud in the bottom of his eye. Ugliness within soon fouls the facial tissues."

Let the young be warned against the wicked snares which the world lays for their downfall. Let them also remember the deteriorating effects of sin even upon the personal appearance. Take a youth of beauty, and let him little by little be led into wicked practices, and it will not be long before the descent will be written upon his face. The eye once so clear will be marked with suspicion, and restlessness; strange lines will begin to appear about the mouth, and the lips will take upon them a sensual enlargement. All this will not happen in a day. It will take years, but the life's drama is being written, and by and by it will be plainly seen and interpreted. "Then there shall be found on the face some of the lines that belong to the wolf and the hawk, and the swine and the serpent."

Oh, my readers, remember that your faces today have possibilities in them. That tomorrow they will be actualities, faces that have been moulded by a thousand thoughts, and the loves and hates and desires of every heart-beat. May they be faces at fifty and beyond, that shall have purities and goodness and peace dramatized within them. And before the years have brought in all their gifts to you, God grant to you that beauty that comes from the immortal soul that has drank deep at the fountain of truth, and found its peace in holy thinking and doing.

SALVATION BY FAITH OR BY WORKS?

By Rev. R. C. Brooks.

"Let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven." Genesis: 11: 4.

"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye receive power from on high." Luke: 24: 49.

In these two passages of Scripture are represented two entirely different points of view for looking upon and solving the same problem.

The problem is, how to bridge the distance between man and God; between earth, clouded by man's ignorance and confused by man's wickedness, and heaven's unclouded peace; between man's lack of capacity and feverish care and the knowledge and calm power which he believes to be his rightful possession; between the real, sorry enough at its best, and the ideal, which continually lures us.

This space has always challenged man and his truest and profoundest life has always been an effort to bridge this immense distance, for he has continually felt that he had the right to accept the challenge of the infinite to come into the secret place of the Most High, to breathe the air of heaven, to realize the ideal.

Here are the two characteristic efforts. The building of the tower of Babel is an intimation of the perpetual effort to work up from the earth into the presence of the divine; to build our institutions so strong and so secure and so high that from their top we may look into heaven. At the end of our tasks, if we work hard enough, our ideals will be realized. That is the gospel of the tower of Babel. It deifies man's ability. It proclaims his self-sufficiency. It glorifies work. It is the gospel of salvation by work.

The other passage is an intimation of the opposite course. The desire for the ideal is not less; rather more ardent. Its confidence in the final victory is absolutely unclouded. But it proclaims man's inability to reach it. It proclaims the folly of all efforts to build a tower high enough and strong enough so that from its top you may look into heaven. It bids you stop your ceaseless activity, your ceaseless running to and fro, and look up into heaven and you will see the holy city, the city of your ideals, coming down from God out of heaven. It recognizes the down-coming of God to man, and the effort of God not simply to make Himself known to man, but to live with man and to become in man the sufficient power to realize his deepest desires. Therefore instead of saying, "Work; build your city until it reaches heaven;" it says, "Tarry; wait until endued with power from on high, and then obey the heavenly vision; work out that which God has wrought in you." It is the gospel of salvation by faith.

There is something in common in these two conceptions. They both believe in salvation, i. e., in the realization of the ideal, in the coming together of heaven and earth, in the meeting of the human and the divine; but they differ from each other in three important respects.

First, in their conception of where the ideal is to be found.

One says: Heaven is above you, inaccessible at present; but work up to it; some time you will reach it. the other says: Heaven is within you. Receive it. Rejoice in it today. Do your work in the strength of it.

One says: At the end of a long day's climb you will find rest and peace and the satisfaction of your heart's desire; you will look your ideal in the face. The other says: Stand face to face with your ideal now, at the beginning. Gain rest and peace from it for today's work. Don't postpone until tomorrow the satisfaction of your heart's desire.

One says: God's up in heaven. Some day we shall scale the battlements of heaven and look upon his throne, or, perchance, enter through the gates and stand in His presence. The other says: God tabernacles with men. He dwells wherever man is found—there find His dwelling place and live with Him. One says: "Eternal life will be given to us up yonder." The other says: "This is eternal life, that they might know thee." One says: Some day we shall become the sons of God." The other—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." One says: "Up above the noise and dust of the world where we can look down upon it, but not partake in it; that will be ideal." The other: "All that is divinest and most Christlike can be wrought, must be wrought out in this world as we hammer and saw and sew and sing. The Master of us all thought out his gospel, prepared his heart for Calvary, was made perfect through suffering, while he worked at the carpenter's bench and helped in the home at Nazareth."

Now while these two conceptions differ much from each other, yet the first is half true, and the second recognizes and includes that half truth.

The New Testament does not anywhere look for the complete working out of our ideals here, nor does it suggest that the heaven toward which we are to look and for which we are to pray is to be confined to this world. Indeed, it everywhere declares the opposite. Paul voices the common thought when he writes: "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." But this is the urgency of the message—That we should discover the kingdom, which lies on both sides of the river of death, today and not at the end of life's journey; that we should do all our work here in the light of it, and even now ex-

perience the joy of it; that we should be about our Father's business while we buy, and sell, and get gain; while we build our houses, and churches, and schools, and cities. Don't postpone entering heaven until after you die or until the city of your ideal is builded. Else you may never enter.

Second. The second contrast between these two conceptions is in their method. You already guess that.

One says: Work and then find your ideal. Build your house and then look at your plans. Write your poem and then discover what you are writing about. Live your life and then find out, if you can, at the end of it, what you have been living for.

The other says: Look upon your ideal and then work. Plan your house and work according to your plan. If God has put a song in your heart, sing it. Otherwise, you had better keep still. Tarry in the mountain until God shows you the heavenly design, then do all things according to the pattern shown you there.

One says: Climb; climb diligently, and at the top of the ladder you will be endued with power. The other says: Tarry; wait; receive power from on high before you begin your upward climb.

Here again the two conceptions are related to each other. The first is not wholly wrong. Its half-truth is included in the second. The vision is not wholly clear at the beginning. It grows more clear as we go on our way. "Now we know in part; now we see through a glass darkly; then we shall know as we are known, and see face to face." But here again the urgent emphasis is upon waiting before working. In a world where God is perpetually at work it is more important that we wait until we find out what God is doing and let him set us at work, than it is for us to be busy doing things without direction. Get direction from the architect before you begin to build, else much of your work may have to be undone.

Mere work, unfed by inspiration from on high, unillumined by the revelation of what man is in God's thought, makes us weary and heavy laden without adding to the permanent capital of the world or bringing man one step nearer God. First the open soul, the vision of the heavenly city, the power from on high; then work.

Third. The third contrast—even more striking—is in the outworking of these two conceptions. Let us follow this result in two directions—first, in its effect on society in general; second, its effect upon individuals.

The result of the first conception in its outworking upon society is Babel, confusion. The result of the second is Pentecost, the unity of the Spirit.

The desire of the men of Shinar was to make a name for themselves lest they be scattered abroad. The result was a defiant, self-sufficient egotism, which broke humanity into fragments and made it impossible for men to understand each other.

The desire of the men of Galilee was to receive the Spirit which had been promised; the Spirit of comfort and of truth, of power and of love. The result was a sublime self-forgetfulness which blended the most various temperaments into a profound harmony. The effort of the first was to produce uniformity lest men should be scattered abroad; and it ended in hopeless confusion as the race huddled together about a man-made institution.

The effort of Pentecost was to produce unity. It ended in a race scattered every-whither, expelled from any possible chance to settle down in self-esteem; but blended by a Pentecostal flame, an idealism lifted above the earth—a quickening Spirit.

The lesson of the contrast is obvious. Humanity can be unified not by any institution, but by the power of the spirit of God. The tendency to build institutions from earth to heaven, to bring about uniformity is perpetual, but every political or social or ecclesiastical scheme which seeks to gather humanity about some lower ideal than that revealed by God in Christ only ends in confusion. Many of our modern attempts are only repetitions of the old experiment of Babel building. All efforts to gather Christians about a uniform creed, all speaking the same tongue or about a uniform ritual, all doing the same thing, all efforts to organize individuality out of men divides more deeply rather than unites. All efforts towards unnecessary uniformity postpones the unity for which we pray.

The profound harmony of Pentecost was the blending of many melodies, thrilled by a common hope, hushed by a common awe, inspired by a common theme.

The Infinite love, running from heart to heart, bending over unmeasured distances the sons of earth is the thread of power which holds in harmony the innumerable minds of earth. The Infinite wisdom which proclaims the law of love as the line along which God's purpose runs relies upon obedience to him as the power which shall bind men, however widely separated, forever together by making the one imperial concern of man the glory of God and the good of man. Uniformity is accidental, artificial, superficial. Unity is essential, reaching down to the elemental currents of power. To bring before men such a vision, to bring men into such a submission of their will to God is the work of the Holy Spirit. Self-confident humanity becomes ambitious and rebellious as it gathers about Babel. Self-forgetful humanity becomes full of apostolic power and love as it waits at Pentecost.

But there is another result of the two conceptions which I want to describe briefly:

Suppose a man succeeds in building his Babel. Suppose he succeeds in reaching wealth or fame or pleasor whatever other Babel he has set his heart upon. What effect does it have upon him? Pride, self-sufficiency, greed, which cries out "I'm as good as you are." Suppose you take such a man, one who works for visible success, one who measures success by the applause of men or the size of his bank book, whose soul is unfed by any heaven-breathed ideals, suppose you take to such a man a poor, wretched cripple, toiling under a heavy burden, with poverty and distress written on every line of his face, and there is something infinitely sad in the transparent honesty with which he tells you it is no affair of his or with which he tells you of some charity association to which such people are to be referred or with which he replies with that mean, stingy question, "Why?" "Why should I give to help him?" "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"I'm as good as you are." "I look out for myself, you do the same." These are the stones which have paved the way to the social and industrial hell in which so many of our brethren are living. Thank God we are finding our way out of it.

But suppose the man who seeks to build Babel does not succeed. What then is the result upon him? He becomes the man with the hoe. The light of heaven goes out of his face. He becomes another beast of

burden, only envious, bitter, hard, ready to join the mob on any pretext or throw the stone. He wants deliverance. Do you blame him? But he forgets that neither courts, nor juries, nor legislatures, nor city councils can give him what he wants.

The soul needs a word from above itself. "Ye must be born from on high" is the everlasting note of deliverance.

Suppose on the other hand the man who waits for the Pentecostal spirit before he works. Suppose he succeeds. What is the result upon him?

Ask John. "The Son of thunder?" No; the apostle of love. Ask Peter. "The swearing, boasting coward who denied?" No; the humble, self-forgetful, wonderful apostle. Ask Paul. "The hard, cruel persecutor of Christians?" No; the invincible, magnificent missionary of the cross, who became all things to all men if by any means that he might win some.

The spirit of Pentecost finds a needy, aching world, waiting to be relieved. It sends out men saying, "I have not time to make money." It fills them with an overflowing love and care for all men because they are God's children. It bids them linger near the cross until clothed with the sacrificial spirit and energized by the divine passion to bring men home. Oh, do you doubt that the supreme need of the world is for men and women inspired by the Holy Spirit, obedient to the word spoken by the man of Nazareth?

But suppose the man who waits for the Pentecostal spirit fails to receive. What then? What will be the effect upon him? He never fails. He never fails!

Which then shall it be for us? The Gospel of salvation by works? Babel, confusion, or salvation by faith? The open soul, the heavenly vision, the birth from above, the power from on high?

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Some October Missionary Meetings—Riverside.

The Woman's Union of Riverside held its first meeting for the season, October 9.

The forenoon was occupied by the Ladies' Aid, all being busy in the preparation of a missionary box.

Eighty-five collected around the tables at noon, when a good lunch and a pleasant social time were enjoyed. Not all stayed to the missionary meeting in the afternoon, but a good number were present and so much interest was shown that it seemed a very encouraging beginning for the year.

The meeting was opened by the president, Mrs. Purington, and devotional exercises were led by Mrs. Reed. A few of the current events during the vacation were given by ladies, all tending to show how open doors await the coming of the missionary in all parts, both of our own and foreign lands, and how much is needed from the churches that these opportunities may be improved. Sweet solos were sung by two of the members. There was some discussion on how to make the meetings more interesting, and with the help of photographs Miss Lyman told of the missionaries in whom the members of the society are especially interested, as they are contributing to their support.

Highland.

After an intermission of two months and in the midst of our first fall rain, the ladies of the Highland Missionary society, to the number of twenty, held their first meeting.

The plan of giving a mite box to any lady outside of the society was adopted, so those who are not members may still have a little interest along missionary lines.

It was also decided to have both a home and foreign missionary scrap book. Each book to be in the hand of a lady who will have a few moments at each meeting for the current topics of the month. An interesting program followed on "The Twentieth Century City," using the work of Rev. Josiah Strong and Rev. J. B. Clark. We were certainly made to feel there is a great field for workers in the centers of population. There are problems for workers there which those of rural districts know not of. We work in Jerusalem, sometimes forgetting or at least neglecting to go outside. Our prayer is to be faithful at home and with prayers and works speed the time when the ideal Christianized City may be a reality.

Corona.

The annual meeting of the Corona Missionary society was held at the parsonage, October 2nd, Mrs. Burr presiding.

The program consisted of cheering reports from India, telling how, slowly but surely the Indian women were casting off their fetters. How the medical profession, the missionaries and social ethics all were helping to spread the gospel and emancipate the long down-trodden women of India.

A pretty Indian basket on the center table was the next attraction, and was rapidly filled with coin of the realm to meet the pledges for 1903.

Then came the social part, and dainty refreshments finished a very pleasant and profitable meeting.

Claremont.

The Woman's Union of Claremont held the first Home Missionary meeting of the season October 8th, under the leadership of Mrs. W. H. Wolcott. The work of the State Union was considered.

Those familiar with the work of the Union gave some account of past history and its present methods of working.

The plan of work for the current year, copied from the annual report, had been put on a blackboard, that all present might have a clear understanding of the aims in view. On a map of the State were pointed out the various towns where are located the workers, for which the Union has a special responsibility.

Interesting items of information, with regard to the work being done in the different fields, were given.

The Work at Barstow.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society should be encouraged by the message that comes from this faithful pastor, Rev. C. S. Billings, whom they have strengthened and helped by their gifts and prayers. A new church at Panama has grown out of revival meetings held there some three years since, the seed sown being cared for by Mrs. Robinson, until now they have 22 members and a fine church building. The work at Barstow was also begun and has been carried on by this missionary. The people, railroad men and their families, and some newcomers from the East, showed their love for the church in their labors and gifts, until they were almost surprised themselves when they found the money ready (all but $150) for their new building, well lighted. Some fifty have united with the church. The pastor

says: "Their need is my inspiration and God's blessing my hope, and with these always present I press on to victory and trust as you give you also shall pray for the splendid yet needy field."

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

The Blessedness of Forgiveness. Ps. 32.

Lesson 4. October 25, 1903.

This Psalm is a fitting companion to the fifty-first following it in the sequence of experience if not in time, of composition. All through Psalm fifty-one, the attentive reader can discern the effort to realize the sense of forgiveness. The heart-rending cry for mercy, the sense of ever present sin warding off that of forgiveness, the consciousness of having affronted God, the knowledge of that cleansing must reach the heart's core, the prayer for the conscious return of the Spirit, and the longing for the restoration of the joys accompanying salvation, are so many attempts to reach that one desired goal, a full knowledge of divine pardon. In this Psalm the very first phrase shows that the effort had not been in vain. Sooner or later the gates opened, and the tide set in strongly submerging everything, sending its salubriousness through every channel, bringing joy and blessedness to the pardoned sinner. The exultant tone cannot be overlooked if the words descriptive of sin and its removal be considered. Sin, the "breaking away from God" or transgression; the "deviation from that which is well pleasing to God;" a "perversion, or distortion." The three words express all that "sin" stands for. To offset this condition, there is a "lifting up and a taking away;" a removal from even divine sight, a "covering;" and an exhonoration (Delitzsch). Such a sense of forgiveness is sufficient to cause the highest joy in human breast. The Psalm brings before us—

1. The hard task of confessing sin.

David was over a year making up his mind to confess his sin, and did everything possible to avoid its discovery. It is a single illustration of a universal fact. Pride will not keep us from sin, unfortunately, but it is sin's greatest ally after being committed. It works on every other faculty possessed, in the wrong direction. It erects barriers between God and the soul, and adds to them every day. God insists upon confession because it is the removal of the dam which keeps the stagnant waters locked fast in the soul. An honest confession of sin is one of the most difficult tasks known to human beings, because it incriminates self.

2. The nobility of confessing sin.

All that goes toward concealing sin is a continual working in wrong directions. It is really working against every true instinct we have. It is working against everything that we know of God, and of his dealings. It is like a man that takes a government position, and an oath to be loyal to that government, but shortly finds opportunity to make money through dishonest deals. He despises himself because he knows better, and he fears the government because he knows that its very justness and greatness has given its honor into his hands and he has violated the trust. If an honest confession should be made by such a man before publicity made his crime known, and he should repent in the depths of his soul simply because he hates himself and his ways it would stand as a case of nobility, rather rare in these days. Confession of sin is rather looked upon as ignoble, unmanly; we need some education along the line of its real nobility. It is a noble thing to cease acting against our best selves; it is a noble thing to cease from injuring and taking advantage of a good and loving God. It is a noble thing to march up and take the punishment if it is deserved, such action robs the punishment of its pain to us, for conscience, not pnishment, holds the real sting.

3. Living in the consciousness of our moral condition.

The redeeming part of David's history that year, lies in the glimpse given in v. 3-4. Whatever face he gave to the world, he had a very different one when he sat down with himself in his private apartment. The consciousness of his guilt made him guilty inside, he was in a state of groaning, such forceful groaning that it seemed as if his bones felt it and were falling into decay. It was a very expressive simile of what was taking place in his soul structure. There was decay—necrosis, a physician would term it. The very fluids of his system seemed to be drying up. There was hope for David in such circumstances. The man who can live without concern at his moral condition is verging on hopelessness. The prisoner who is indifferent to that state of soul which brought him to crime is a hopeless case until he can be roused to a consciousness of his real condition. Indifference to a sinful condition before God is real cause for anxiety, for it means living in unconsciousness of our moral condition.

4. Living so as to prevent pardon.

That is harsh dealing with ourselves surely. How we pity our naughty children who keep up the resistance in spite of punishment, and separate themselves from the forgiveness we long to bestow. Pardon is not altogether a gift, it is a free grant based on conditions. It is an awful feature of sin that it goads on to living in such a way as to ward off pardon. It would be terrible if Scripture portrayed God as unwilling to pardon, but it is even more terrible to know that after procuring pardon at the cost of sacrifice like that on Calvary, the sinner lives so that there is no possibility of making it applicable. It is just as well for each one to go over the conditions of his life as a machinist goes over his engine, and find out whether we are preparing for a disaster or for safety.

5. Taking the opportunity for pardon. V. 6.

It is uncertain whether this verse should read "When thou mayest be found," or "When it (sin) may be found." It does not matter much, for both are true, and as important as true. The time to forsake sin is when it is found, and the process is through prayer. The time to find God is at the dawn of sin's commission, and that will be through prayer. David learned a great lesson, which he would teach us. He waited a year after finding out his sin, and he never found God in all that time. Don't wait. Confession of sin and finding God are only parts of the same process. See Isa. lv: 6-8.

6. The joy of forgiveness.

Forgiveness with God is different from any other. It goes deeper. When God forgives, he cleanses also. When the Holy Spirit comes to abide, the unholy spirit of sin must go.

The realization of this brings a holy joy to the sinful soul. It is a fullness of joy because (a) judgment is no longer pending. V. 6 (second clause), comp. 2 Peter ii: 5, where the flood is symbolic, as here, of judgment. (b) Trouble no longer cuts into the con-

science. Trouble in which there is no sin only makes us look to God for deliverance, and brings ultimately "songs" of joy for the fulfillment. (c) Divine guidance. "I will guide thee, with mine eye upon thee." A glance is all that the person who is seeking another one's will needs. Approval or disapproval instantly portrays itself through the eye. Comp. Lk. xxii:61. (d) Nearness to God. Obstinacy separates from God, for such there is no joy, they have to be restrained as obstinate animals with bit and check rein. Drawing near by confession and forsaking sin means a life of joy in fellowship with God.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

October 25.

What the Bible Teaches About Giving.

II Cor. IX: 6-11; 8:23, 24. (Missions).

The grace of giving is always present wherever there is a truly Christ-like character. God is the great giver. He gives continually. He gave His only Son to be our Saviour. Christ freely gave His own life to ransom the world. The Holy Spirit is a daily dispenser of life, of love, of peace and of power. Man made in God's image should be like Him in every way. Man too should cultivate the divine grace of giving. Wherever man looks—above him, on every side, beneath his feet, he sees evidences and suggestions of the grace of giving. All nature is a reflection of benevolence in the Divine Being. The stellar world is swarming with countless radiant orbs, each bestowing into the deeps of space myriad streams of priceless light. Our own sun is continually giving light and heat and chemical force. The moon owes all her beauty to the habit of giving. Should the moon only absorb the light the sun gives her and never dispense it, she would soon stop shining. Giving is the law of her beautiful life. So the mountains, valleys, rivers, landscapes, seas, trees; flowers, beasts, birds—yes and the mines and caves of the earth, they all are giving something of beauty, something of utility, something to kindle the imagination or enrich the habitation of man.

The Bible is a text-book of the grace, the science and the art of giving. It begins by teaching that everything is a gift. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." In the Bible being is a gift; matter is a gift; life is a gift; mind is a gift; holiness is a gift; redemption is a gift; heaven a gift; eternal life a gift. When God selected the Jewish race to make them a peculiar people and the prototypes of his spiritual Israel everywhere, he began at once to train them in giving. Abraham was called to give his life to the promised land. Then to give his right to the land to Lot. Then to endanger his life to save Lot, then to give his only son Isaac, or to be willing to. When the religious worship of Israel was set up the people were trained to give one-tenth of their income to the Lord. They were instructed always to bring an offering when they came before the Lord. The New Testament is the record of the gift of the Redeemer and of the early church. The book closes with a revelation of the gift of immortality in the New Jerusalem. So from beginning to end it is a disclosure under many guises of the grace of giving. Then it teaches the science of it. We are taught how to give, with what liberality and in what spirit. The art of giving is taught. It is to be done without vanity—the left hand is not to know the right hand in the act. It is to be done ungrudgingly and of sincerity. It is to be done systematically, and in business ways. And we are also told what kind of a giver the Lord loves—a cheerful giver.

The passage in II Corinthians shows the connection that seems to be established in the divine plan between our spirit of giving and our own good. He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully. Jehovah seems to have valued the grace so highly that he has made our self-interest depend upon it. It is better for our own advantage to be unselfish and liberal, even bountiful in our gifts. "There is that scattereth and increaseth yet more; and there is that witholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth only to want;" and again, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Abraham is an illustration of this. We read that in his old age he was blessed of Jehovah greatly. He had become great. He had flocks and herds and silver and gold and men-servants and maid-servants and camels and asses. In another place we read Jehovah blessed him in all things. It would hardly seem that the universe should have been so arranged that the important grace of sacrifice should bring harm to man, and we see that it has not. Jehovah does not always reward the generous soul in kind, but he always rewards such. Some way in some world, and often in this, "the liberal soul is made fat." Yet the grace of giving is lost if it is exercised simply for the reward. The virtue consists in its disinterestedness. The truly generous soul never thinks of a reward but gives for the sake of giving and out of pure love to God and fellow men.

A special application of this topic and the one intended to be emphasized, is that which views it as the sinew of the Missionary cause. Parents give their sons and daughters and Christians generally give money to carry on Missions. Except for these gifts there could be no missionary enterprises and the Gospel could not spread. This is rightly called the missionary era of the church and the agencies for the propagation of Gospel truth are legion. Yet all these agencies, both at home and abroad are dependent under God for their entire efficiency upon the gift of men and the gift of money. They are often hampered and always prevented from the largest plans and successes by the want of these. If the wealth of the church, leaving all other wealth out of the calculation were fully consecrated, and if the sons and daughters were fully consecrated, the world could be evangelized in a generation. What is needed is the giving spirit. Missions need more volunteers. The record of those who have gone and are going is precious and glorious, but it needs to be lengthened by hundreds of other names. Fathers and mothers need more of the Abraham spirit and the spirit of Hannah. Young men and maidens more of that of Carey and Judson. Then there needs a rolling in of the rich material heritage of modern Christendom into the treasures of the Boards. The vision of what might be accomplished if money was plenty and volunteers abundant is magnificent and splendid. Our land for Christ! All lands for Christ! The world for Christ with rapid strides. All this depends upon our best for Christ, our means for Christ, and all this depends upon the cultivation of the spirit of giving in us all. It is just as easy to give much as to give little—if once we have it—when we have the giving spirit. The Christian Endeavor Society is a good place to develop the spirit. Let us always give something at every opportunity. If it be but a mite, if that is our measure it will be thank-

fully received and receive its reward. If it is a million it may do a million times more good in the way a million can, and it will receive its own appropriate reward.

Church News.

California.

Oakland, Second.—On October 4th eight were received into membership—three by confession.

Pacific Grove.—At the communion service October 4th six persons were received into the Mayflower church; three on confession.

Eureka.—This church, at the October communion, received twenty-three into fellowship; nine by confession. Six received baptism.

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—The ordination of O. D. Conrey took place at this church October 1st. President Gates of Claremont was chosen moderator of the council and Rev. J. M. Schaefle scribe. Other parts of the service were conducted by Rev. W. F. Day and Rev. J. L. Maile.

Oakland, First.—The pastorate of Rev. Chas. R. Brown began seven years ago last Sunday. Anniversary services were held in the morning in which the two former pastors participated—Dr. Mooar by a letter of salutation and Dr. McLean by a brief address. During these seven years seven hundred and thirty-two new members have been received into the church, 349 on profession of faith and 383 by letter. The following amounts of money have been given for: Current expenses, $99,159; benevolences, $92,899; improvements on church property, $21,732. Total, $213,790.

San Juan.—The ordination of Francis L. Newcomb took place at this church on the evening of October 1st. The services were conducted by a council of pastors and delegates of the churches in Santa Clara district. Mr. Newcomb comes well recommended, having worked as an independent Methodist evangelist for fourteen years, and for the past three years he has acted as supply pastor in the Methodist church in California. Those who had special part in the ordination service were Rev. C. W. Merrill, Rev. Frederick Maar, Rev. J. R. Knodell, Rev. D. S. Williams, Rev. Geo. DeKay, Rev. O. W. Lucas and W. W. Reid.

Eureka.—The church, under the efficient guidance of Rev. Franklin Baker, is on the upward trend in all departments of work. A new organization has recently been started—the Men's League. Here the men of the church and congregation find a cordial welcome and an opportunity for closer acquaintance, as well as for social and intellectual enjoyment. The Men's League bids fair to become as effective a department of the church as its parallel organization—the Ladies' League. The cantata, "Ruth, the Moabitess," is to be presented in the near future. The efforts of the pastor to promote a spirit of broad, practical Christianity in the community are meeting with a ready response on the part of the people. The church is crowded to the doors every Sunday evening.

A COUNCIL OF ORDINATION.

In response to letters-missive sent out by the Congregational church at San Juan, a council was held at that place on Tuesday, September 29th, which ordained the new pastor, Mr. Francis L. Newcomb. Six churches were represented by pastor or delegate, and two individuals. Mr. Newcomb comes to us from the M. E. church, his last charge being at Lockeford. He has had fourteen years' experience as an evangelist, besides charges at Lockeford, Pope Valley and Crescent City. His examination as to theological views was highly satisfactory, and brought out the hearty commendation of the council. He has no uncertain sound, and preaches a whole gospel.

Rev. C. W. Merrill acted as Moderator of the council and Rev. G. H. DeKay as Scribe. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. R. Knodel, Rev. E. S. Williams gave the charge to the people, Rev. G. H. DeKay gave the charge to the pastor and the hand of fellowship, and Rev. O. W. Lucas made the ordaining prayer. Other parts were by Rev. F. W. Maar and Deacon Reid.

Notes and Personals.

The Rev. Jee Gam will read a paper at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

Rev. E. Cash, pastor of the Sherman church, has resigned on account of ill health, after having organized the church and ministered to it for seven years.

The Sunday-school at Pico Heights now numbers 317, with an average attendance of 267. This is a thrifty section of the growing city and Congregationalism is growing with its growth.

A very enthusiastic reception was given to Rev. J. H. Mallows and bride at the Plymouth church, Los Angeles, on Tuesday evening, September 29th. A box of silver and $100 in gold were handed to the happy couple by H. S. Sparks on behalf of the church and congregation.

Rev. M. D. Steen, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian church at Tracy, filled the Congregational pulpit last Sunday evening at Lodi in exchange with Rev. G. H. DeKay, who addressed a union temperance meeting at that place. He also addressed a similar meeting on Wednesday evening at Ripon, and is in frequent demand for temperance lectures.

STATE ASSOCIATION AT WOODLAND.

W. E. Eckles.

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the General Association of Congregational churches of California (Northern) is now a memory. The large number who were in attendance are richer for the things which came to them in the sessions, in fellowship one with another, and in the many kindnesses of the people of Woodland.

The sound judgment and kindly humor of Dr. Adams made him an ideal moderator. Dr. C. G. Baldwin ably assisted him. Rev. A. W. Hare was assisted in the duties of the Scribe's office by Rev. W. E. Eckles.

A new and important feature of the program this year was the daily morning Bible study in the Book of Acts, conducted by Rev. C. R. Brown. The studies were carried forward in Mr. Brown's usual interesting and instructive style, and served each morning as an inducement to the delegates to be on hand at the opening session of the day—an inducement which the devotional service in previous years has largely failed to give. It is to be hoped that future program committees will follow this good example and give something of the kind each year.

The choice of themes, the arrangement of topics

upon the program, and the wise selection of names for the various subjects treated, are facts for which the Program Committee should be commended. Most of the writers of the papers are deserving of praise for their faithfulness in preparation, and for their candid treatment, often of difficult subjects. Special mention ought to be made in this connection of Prof. Bade's paper on "The Present State of Old Testament Criticism"; of the paper by Rev. A. W. Hare on "Some Necessary Changes in the Y. P. S. C. E."; and of Mr. C. M Bufford's paper on "Shortcomings of the Modern Pulpit." Each is to be commended for his candor and kindly spirit. The writer refrains from passing unfavorable criticism on two or three who indulged in undignified levity in the treatment of important themes.

The annual sermon preached by Rev. W. H. Scudder was a great effort. There was evidence of wide research; and evidently much time and labor had been expended in shaping the material thus gained into a completed whole.

The celebration of the Lord's Supper was an impressive and helpful service, as it always is to the devout. It was in keeping with the spirit of this celebration that the Association sent telegrams of remembrance and cheer to Revs. F. B. Perkins and E. D. Haven, and a letter of sympathy to Rev. W. C. Day.

Under the head of business, one of the important things that was done was the revision of the constitution. The name was changed so as to read "The General Association of Congregational Churches of California (Northern)." Also, according to the new constitution all business matters must come through the business committee. This change is important, for now everything can be done "decently and in order"; while under the old plan unimportant matters were coming up at inopportune moments to hinder the progress of the real work of the Association.

The Association was well entertained by the people of Woodland. Too much cannot be said in commendation of their readiness to anticipate our wants so far as possible and their willingness to supply anything that might have been overlooked. Chief among those who added to the pleasure of our stay in Woodland was the genial pastor of our church in that place.

AN INTERDENOMINATIONAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

Extensive preparations are being made for a great Interdenominational Young People's Missionary Conference, to be held in Oakland, December 4th, 5th and 6th.

The session will begin on Friday and continue Saturday and Sunday. The best speakers within a hundred miles of San Francisco will be secured and delegations are expected from the following ten counties around the bay: Marin, Napa, Salano, Sacramento, Contra Costa, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Mateo and San Francisco. Delegates will be welcome from any part of California, but special efforts will be made to secure attendance from these counties.

It is expected that over one thousand delegates, representing one hundred churches will be present, and all will receive free entertainment. The main sessions will be held in the First Presbyterian church. The Endeavorers, the Epworth League and the Baptist Young People's have united to make this a dynamic and fruitful Conference. It is the purpose of this Conference to secure twenty-five new volunteers for service in the Home and Foreign Mission Fields, to double the contributions to missions for the coming year, to launch a general prayer and missions study movement, and to develop a new and aggressive missionary spirit. Prayer circles for this meeting are already forming, and it is felt that God is about to lead hundreds of young people into a new and richer life of missionary endeavor.

This Conference is in the hands of a large executive committee, of which Rev. Dwight E. Potter is chairman and R. B. Baker, secretary. The committee have established headquarters in the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, and persons interested in this matter are invited to address them there.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Southern Branch.

Dear friends of the Southern Branch, we are now face to face with the work of another winter. Let us seek to make it the best one we have ever spent in work for the Master. Let his glory be our chief aim, and our earnest purpose to help to carry out his last command.

I greatly desire to come more in touch with the Auxiliaries than I have yet done. Write to me often for literature. Send me your programs so that I may be able to help you. Let us never forget that the success of the Branch depends on the faithful work of each individual member, her intelligent, hearty co-operation in what the Branch is seeking to accomplish. Let each member possess a plan of work for the year and let her study it carefully.

I would again urge all, who have not already done so, to subscribe for the little magazine "Life and Light," 60c per annum, it comes into the home each month full of inspiration to better work. Let one copy at least be subscribed for by each Auxiliary, and circulated among the members. The missionary zeal will be quickened by this.

The Annual Report that has this year been published by the Branch is well worth careful study.

All who are following the united study of missions, will be glad to welcome the new book for this year's study, "Rex Christus," by Rev. Arthur Smith, on China, just published.

I shall be glad to order for any who so desire. If a large number of books are wanted by one society it would save time to order direct from the publisher, Macmillan Pub. Co., 166 5th Av., New York. The price is 30c paper and 50c cloth.

Your friend in the work,
Mrs. A. C. Blaikie,
Supt. Lt. So. Branch.

Ontario, Cal., Oct. 8th, 1903.

Charles Aretas Clark.

At Whittier, on September 4, 1903, Charles Aretas Clark passed away to his eternal home. Born in Prince Edward Island, he was educated in the public schools of Portsmouth, N. H. He was engaged in the drug business in Whittier and was one of the charter members of Plymouth Congregational church, serving as the first clerk of the church. Of retiring and even reticent disposition, his religious faith was not formal but vital, and produced a deep religious experience. Genial and kindly in bearing, he won a warm place in the regard of his friends. He was married to Artelisia Dorland, and in

we obtain a sort of idea, most bewildering, however, of their home several young people have been cared for and assisted. One little boy remains who was adopted in infancy and who has never missed their loving care.

"SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT."

In a recent book entitled, "The Negro in Revelation, in History and in Citizenship," there is given a beautiful story of Negro singing. It is as follows:

"All who have seen the Negroes in their great meetings have recognized the religious element as the deepest and most important in their nature. It is mysterious and impenetrable and beyond analysis, but its weird presence no one can doubt. Great congregations come under its spell and are held as one palpitating mass as if clasped together by an unseen power.

"Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field telephoned me one morning in Atlanta to meet him at the hotel and accompany him to Spellman's Seminary. This is a school built by John D. Rockefeller for the education of colored girls. There were eight hundred students in the institution at the time. Announcing ourselves, the principal brought the whole school into the chapel. Doctor Field wanted to hear them sing. They began with regulation Sunday-school songs, and Dr. Field was not much impressed, though they sang as well as others. I asked the principal to have them give us some regualr Negro music. They did not like this, for it has been the effort of the educated Negroes to get as far from what is native and peculiar to themselves as possible. But some one in the audience moaned or intoned all alone a line of 'Swing low, sweet chariot.' She was joined by another, then they fell in by fours and eights, until the whole eight hundred were giving us the most weird and affecting music to which one ever listened. 'I looked up the road and what did I see a-coming for to carry me home; a band of angels a-coming after me, coming for to carry me home; swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.' The great organist of Luzerne, Switzerland, never had more success in seemingly pulling down out of the clouds, through his instrument, real storms with thunder and lightning and hail and wind and rain than these singers, with their voices, had in seeming to fill the air with real chariots —swinging low, down from the sky, and with real bands of angels coming down every road leading to the chapel.

"The effect on the distinguished traveler and editor, Doctor Field, was remarkable. The fountains of the great deep of his emotions were broken up, and he was weeping like a child. In a short address after the song, he told the students that they made a great mistake in seeking, through vain and shallow imitation of the white folks, to get themselves educated away from the real sources of power which belonged to them as a race."—Selected.

FIGURES CAN NOT TELL.

The enormous amount of strong drink as consumed in this country is beyond comprehension. Its extent is apprehended about as one would get the idea of the distance of the fixed stars which is represented as being million of miles away. When we try by the things that are near to know the things that are far away we get lost in the details of comparison and contrast. We say light traveling at the astonishing rate of so many hundred thousand miles in a second (who can comprehend that?) requires several seconds to span the distance between the earth and the sun, and fifty years to reach the earth from the fixed stars. Then space.

The terrible effects of strong drink upon this nation cannot be realized by its statistical statement as counted in dollars wasted and in gallons consumed. These figures run so far into the millions that the head becomes faint before one gets half through them. Turn the table of statistics around and see the gallons of beer and whisky consumed in the United States every year poured into a great reservoir ten feet deep it would asume the enormous proportion of 640 acres, or a mile square.

Those engaged filling this lake of liquid fire, the smoke of whose torment ascendeth up forever, represent a quarter of a million human beings, sold out to the devil to work all manner of mischief and abomination and crime.

The statisticians tell us that if their business be placed side by side, with each representing the saloons of this country, forty feet front, and you have a street that will girdle our earth at the equator. Can any tongue tell of the horrible scenes on this street, paved with cinders from hell whose fires have not yet gone out? In its awful and murky way are the dead and the dying, screams of maddened frenzy, in bacchanalian debauchery ever rend the air, disclosing the horrors of pandemonium by the deep plunges into the fathomless depths of sin, vice and crime. When once it is remembered that these creatures, now more devil than human, were once bright, happy faced children, some mother's darling, the last one of them, once the idol of the home, the fearful tragedy of life is made known. Here is poverty, gaunt and ghastly. Here is man with every vestige of virtue burned out like the hull of a ship left on the high seas, forever doomed, tossing to and fro, till by its gravity it descends to the bottom of the deep.

Here is woman, God's chosen angel as man's consort through all the mutations of life, to be an inspiration for the achievement of the highest ideals, yet by her shame and degradation leads him, in spite of all his upward aspirations, successfully down to a burning hell. Such values of human losses cannot be tabulated, such curses as menaces to our Government cannot be measured, such doom as portrayed in the Scriptures is horrible beyond description.

The young people of today too often have an indigenous type of religion, which will in nowise bear transportation. How different from that of the patriarch, Abraham, who traveled across a continent and builded altars to the one true God in Egypt, as well as in Canaan or Chaldea! Change in environment causes them to soon forget their vows to God and the Church, otherwise they would not desert our communion and fellowship for that of another congregation, when they move from home. Fellow Leaguers, stand by our Church; it needs us and we need it.

PREACHER HITS A HARD BLOW.

A country minister in a certain town took permanent leave in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and Sisters, I have come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruit you shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls! Good-bye."

Our Boys and Girls.

Observation Lesson.

"Teacher told us," said Dick, quite out of breath from running so fast, "to bring a fact tomorrow to school to tell about."

"A fact!" said mother. What is that for?"

"So we will know how to use our eyes, and tell things afterwards," explained Dick, stretching his own eyes very wide open.

Mother laughed, and said, "Well, Dick, it's a fact that I'm very glad you are home, for I need your help very much to run down to the market, to the postoffice, and to the drygoods store."

When Dick got home with all the things in his express wagon, supper was ready, and after supper he helped his mother with the dishes, so sister could study her geography.

Then it was bed time, and the next morning he was so busy that he forgot all about the "fact" until he was almost at the school house.

He stopped to think about it, and just then a window in a little white house across the street flew open, and a voice cried out, "Dicky, boy; come here; I want to show you something."

Some dear friends of his lived there, and it generally meant delicious, sugary cookies when they called to him; so he went in very willingly, for the school house clock told him he had plenty of time.

Miss Amelia could not walk without crutches, and Dick felt very sorry for her.

She was in her wheel-chair now, and she rolled it over by the window while her mother went to get the cookies, and there on the sunshiny pane was a great crimson and black butterfly.

"I found this," said Miss Amelia, taking a brown pod from the mantel shelf, "last fall in the porch, and I threw it into my work basket. Last night I could not sleep, for I thought a mouse was scratching, and this morning we found the pod open, and this lovely butterfly. This pod is a cocoon, Dick."

"Oh, I'll have that to tell for my fact!" said Dick, stuffing his pockets with the cookies. "Thank you."

So when the teacher called for the facts, Dick stood up very straight and said:

"Miss 'Melia, my friend who gives me cookies, found a 'coon in the porch last fall, and when it was in her basket a long time it turned into a mouse, and then to a butterfly."

The scholars laughed a little, but they were much interested when the teacher explained about the caterpillar, the cocoon, and the butterfly Dick had not understood.—The Outlook.

How Cowslip Saved Him.

In the Highlands of Scotland it is a kindly custom to give names to the cows as well as other animals. A Scotch lad had three to care for, and all three had names. The red cow was Cowslip, the dun was Bell, and the black was Meadow Sweet.

The cows knew their names like three children, and would come when called.

"One day," the boy tells us, "I was not with them, but had been given a holiday, and gone up on the side of the hill. I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed and lost my footing upon the rocks and came tumbling down, and snapped my ankle, so I could not move.

"I was very lonesome there. It seemed to me that it was hours that I lay there, hitching along among the bracken. I thought how night would come, and nobody would know where I was. I could not move for the anguish of my foot. It was no use to call, for there was naught in sight save the cows, skirting against the sky. My heart was fit to break, for I was but a lad, and mother looked to me for bread. I thought I would never see home again.

"After a while I spied a cow beneath, grazing on a slip of turf just between a rift in the hills. She was a good, long way down, but I knew her. It was Cowslip! I shouted as loud as I could, 'Cowslip! Cowslip!" When she heard her name she left off grazing and listened.

"I called again and again. What did she do? She just came toiling up and up—till she reached me. Those hill cattle are rare climbers.

"She made a great ado over me; licked me with her rough, warm tongue, and was pleased and as pitiful as though I were her own. Then, like a Christian, she set up a moan, and moaned—so loud and so long that they heard her in the vale below.

"To hear a cow moaning like that they knew meant that she was in trouble. So they came a-searching and seeking. They could see her red and white body, though they could not see me. So they found me, and it was Cowslip that saved my life."—Presbyterian.

A Symposium.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be lead," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the Lathe.—The Jewish Criterion.

His Name.

By A. B. Giddings.

"Come, soul," said I, "sit down with me
The year drew to its close.
And strike the balance sheet. How much
Canst thou foot up of gain to set against
These robberies of Time; these treasures vanished,
And these blasted hopes, thy dear ones taken,
And the house thou livest in beginning to decay?"

Then spoke my soul: "Thou countest not aright;
Much of my treasure is but gathered safe
From moth and rust; the dear ones cherished
Have but outrun me to that land I go,
To occupy my house eternal, when the blasts
Shall wholly lay this tenement in dust."

"And canst thou find thy way alone, oh, soul,
Unto that other house of thine where friends
And treasures wait thee?" "No," my soul replied,
"I should be lost but for the rod and staff
Of Him on whom I lean, and his strong arm,
Who hath engaged to take me all the way.

"What is the name of this thy mighty Friend?"
"Many," my soul made answer, "are the names,
Sacred and tender, which are given to him,
Each weighted down with blessing to the world,
Until their meaning overwhelms, and I cry out
With one inspired of old, He shall be called 'The Wonderful!'"

While preaching from the text: "He giveth his beloved sleep," a minister stopped in the middle of his sermon, gazed upon his dozing auditors, and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the wonderous, unbounded love the Lord appears to have for a good portion of this congregation."

Spiritual Life.

Humility as an Element of Character.

The saints have all agreed that true humility is the groundwork of every virtue, and that because it is the offspring of pure love and because humility is truth itself. There are but two real truths—the Almightiness of God and the nothingness of us his creatures; and if humility is real, it will make us pay continual homage to God through our lowliness, abiding in our proper place, content to be naught. Jesus Christ bids us be meek and lowly of heart; meekness is the child of humility, as anger of pride. Jesus Christ alone can give us this, his own true humility of heart. It comes from his grace; it does not consist, as some imagine, in external deeds of humility, however excellent these may be in their proper season, but in simply abiding where God has placed us. He who imagines himself to be something is not truly humble; neither is he who seeks anything for himself. But he who so entirely forgets himself that his thoughts do not recur to self or self-seeking; who is lowly within, never offended at anything, though not affecting outward tokens of patience; who speaks of himself as he would of another; who does not pretend to ignore himself while really bursting with self-consciousness; who gives himself up for love's sake, without considering whether to do so looks like pride or humility; who is content to be thought deficient in humility—in short, he who is full of love, such an one is truly humble. He who does not seek his own interest, but solely God's interest in time and eternity, he is humble. The purer his love the more perfect his humility. Do not test humility by external appearances, by this or the other action, but solely by love. Pure love strips self from off a man and clothes him with Jesus Christ, so that "it is no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me."—Fenelon.

The Christian's Peace.

He finds a peace that the world cannot give and that it cannot take away. His peace is not like the bird that sings in the tree by the side of the river, but lifts its wings and flies away when the storm comes. His peace is like the river fed by the streams which it pours out in majesty. So his soul is filled with peace like a river pouring itself out toward the God who gives it, only to find that God returns it in more abundant measure. That person has the secret of the Lord. That person finds a rest of soul amid all the labors, and sorrows, and weariness and troubles, and disappointments and heartaches of life. That person does not depend upon the things outside of the soul in the temporal affairs of life. Whether in possession of much or little of this world's goods, that person finds the rest that remains to the people of God. That person has the secret of the Lord. Our religion should bring us peace even though we have trouble, and it should bring us joy even though we have sorrow, and joy while we have sorrow; it should bring us rest, even though we have labor, and rest while we have travail of soul; otherwise our religion is a form rather than a life; an imposition rather than an inspiration.—Rev. L. R. Dyott.

Patience.

"It is not a very noisy virtue, never flashes like lightning upon watching eyes, never becomes contagiously popular, but it is indispensable to good living, because it is the opposite of all that mischievously interferes with right life. It is that quality of mind and soul which enables one to endure the unwelcomed and unrelished with calmness and constancy, because we have unflinching trust in our Father, to work on and wait long, perhaps, for justice, 'knowing that the mills of the gods grind slowly,' but that they grind exceeding fine, and realizing that our God asks only that we should be true and right, whether others are or not, to be faithful unto the Christly ideal, being pitiful for those who harbor anything less, and to be steadfast to the end in the cultivation of our lives in the best things. Think of it thus, and it immediately becomes more than a mere passive virtue; it exists in one as a mighty preventive power, not crushing will and pulverizing passion with autocratic might, but guiding and controlling and balancing with a sweetly persuasive influence.—J. Howard Hobbs.

Great Faith—Its Conditions.

When one contemplates, in the light of Scripture, the all-important position of faith in Christian experience—(it is by faith we are saved, we stand, we walk, we live; it is faith which works by love; is it through faith and patience we inherit the promises; it is done unto us according to our faith; all things we ask in prayer, believing, we receive; we are commanded to have faith in God, to believe in God, to be full of faith; little faith is rebuked and great faith praised, and they are warmly commended who consider the difficulties of their natural situation without being weakened in faith)—one is inevitably set to asking, How can I reach that largeness of attainment in this matter which is so blessed? In other words, What are the conditions of great faith? What are the principal helps to its possession? First, absolute submission; second, resolute will; and third, a vigorous under-understanding.—James Mudge.

A Child of God—Needs a Father's Care.

A strategic point of view from which to approach a study of the work of saving men is found in Luke xv. Two facts stand out: (1) That man as a child of God has forfeited his sonship and needs help; (2) that God is still his Father and ready to forgive and save him.

The most revolutionary truth Christ taught to men was that regarding the Fatherhood of God. In Christ's time no man was allowed to take the name of Jehovah on his lips. Children were taught another name to use instead. When Christ began to talk familiarly and lovingly about God as his Father the astonishment was great. When he taught his disciples to pray, "Our Father," they little dreamed how potent these two words would be in the uplifting of the race (Matt. vi: 9 sq.). They first thought of God as Christ's Father. That was a momentous day when Peter declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. xvi: 16) They could realize the Fatherhood of God for Christ, because they saw the Sonship of God in Christ. And then he led them to see how they might come back into the Sonship. Luke xv was a marvellous picture to them. Could such a Father's love be theirs? How well they knew what the wayward son thought of his husks! How their desires ran along the line of his purpose to "arise and go" to his father! As Christ gave them a vision of the love of God our Father in heaven, a new hope, a new joy, a new faith bathed their needy souls with a strange new longing which was almost a responsive love for God, because he loved them thus.—Howard Johnson.

Better Farther On.

However far one gets in this way of divine love, he sees the path stretching ever on before him. It is a life-work, the grandest and sublimest possible, to travel and explore it. Even if he abides in the full enjoyments of the land of Beulah, he should be discovering every day lovelier paths, and gaining more unrestricted intercourse with the heavenly visitants. Only as he thus traverses fresh fields and takes constant forward steps will he fully apprehend that for which also he was apprehended by Christ Jesus.—Selected.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate, the ideal stomach tonic and nerve food, banishes the depression, dejection and disturbed sleep caused by disordered digestion. Builds up the entire physical system.

"Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

The mother smiles at the childish game, and doesn't realize that it is a game she as a woman has perhaps played for a great many years.

Many a woman is weak and sick, nervous and discouraged. She suffers from headache, backache and other ills. She wants to be well, but all she does is to shut her eyes and open her mouth for medicine and trust to luck for results. She "doctors" month after month, often year after year, in this same blind, hap-hazard fashion, and receives no permanent benefit.

Women take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with their eyes open to the fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity. It dries debilitating drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. There is no trusting to luck by those who use "Favorite Prescription."

"My disease was displacement and ulceration of the uterus, and I was in a terrible condition with pain and weakness and had given up all hopes of ever being well again," writes Mrs. Harry A. Brown, of Orono, Penobscot Co., Me. "Had doctored with four different doctors within four months, and instead of getting better was growing weaker all the time. I decided to try your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' as I had heard of the many cures resulting from their use. I bought five bottles and felt so much better after taking them that I kept on until I am as well as ever in my life, and to Dr. Pierce all the praise is due. I cannot say enough in favor of his medicines. Before I began taking your medicines I only weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. I gained forty pounds in six months. I shall doctor no more with home doctors, as it is only waste of money. I am now in perfect health, thanks to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the muddy complexion.

Can't Keep Up Both.

A gentleman who was travelling, being delayed at a railroad junction, entered into conversation with a care-worn lady who, with three small children, also was waiting for a train. This was part of what was said:

"Where are you going, madam?"

"To my father's at ——. I have not been home since I was married. I did think I would never go back to my people, but I am going back to stay."

"Is your husband dead?"

"No, sir; but he spends all he makes for liquor, and I can't make a living for him, the children and myself. My father wrote me if I would come home he and my brothers would take care of me and the children. I hate to go back this way, but I can't keep up a home and the saloons both. When I married him my husband was a fine business man, and had a good position. Now he works about at anything to get money to buy whisky. He don't seem to care anything for me now, or his children, either. I wish the men would not vote for saloons, that break up homes!"

"Two things, said the gentleman who relates this story, "rang in my ears for days and weeks, and the pathetic face of that wronged woman haunts me by day and by night to this hour: 'I can't keep up a home and the saloons both.' 'I wish the men would not vote for saloons that break up homes.' That face and those two sentences have forever made me an enemy to the saloon. Till I deliberately came to this conclusion I felt that I did not want to meet a good woman face to face. I sometimes hear men who boast of their 'Southern chivalry' talking about their 'personal liberty' when advocating the sale of liquor and wonder whether they really know what 'chivalry' is; and whether they think anybody in this country has any rights except themselves and other men who want to drink whisky. Chivalry lies, not in honeyed words of rhetoric, nor in rounded sentences, but in heroic deeds of protection for the defenseless. No man who advocates a business which separates families in disgrace and breaks up homes knows anything about 'Southern Chivalry,' no difference what he thinks of himself. He may be a very clever man in many respects, but as long as he champions or votes for the saloon business he will never demonstrate his claims to chivalry. This is my judgment; and I have relatives on the wrong side of the saloon question."

There are women by the thousands who have found it impossible to "keep up the home and the saloon both." Have you helped to make this condition? When Pericles, the great orator statesman, was dying, he said: "The one thing of which I am proudest is that no Athenian ever put on mourning on my account." Can the man who votes for saloons say as much and tell the truth? Can you say it?—

How He Won a Medal.

The Chicago Record-Herald tells this interesting story of Lord Methuen: At one time he was a military attache in Berlin. While in that city he one day saw a despondent man attempting to drown himself in a frozen canal of the Thiergarten. The suicide was prevented by Lord Methuen, who happened to be taking his afternoon walk. This was only a few days before he quitted his post and, at a court's function one evening, the German Emperor took him aside and presented him —not with an "order," but with what corresponds to our Humane society's medal—that of the Prussian society "fur Rettung aus Gefahr." This medal was worn also by Bismarck for having saved his groom from drowning and he prized it above all other decorations.

Two essentials every perfect work must show—a perfect pattern, and perfect fidelity to it. Each is the product of sustained endeavor. The goal is not at once. Step by step unfolding vision may be realized by faithful work by artisan or student, professional or business man. To obey is to know yet further of the doctrine, and faithfulness is awarded by still other visions of the perfect, except in character. There God requires no man to search out the perfect standard. In Christ man finds life's perfect model, and to attain it for himself a thousand helpful agencies lend cheer and strength.—Rev. Carl G. Doney.

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In Church or Out.

If there is reverence for God, love for him, trust in him, it will find some sort of an expression in a bicycle ride or a game of golf or a reading of the Sunday newspaper. I am not discussing the question whether it is right to read Sunday newspapers, play golf, or ride bicycles on Sunday. But of all the cant that is a-going, I sometimes think the worst, because the most insincere, is that of men who discard all worship and then talk of "worshiping God in Nature's great temple." If, indeed, you do go to the sea where the waves break upon the shore, or to the mountains in the great amphitheater, that in the silence of the hills or at the music of the sea your heart may be lifted up in prayer and praise, in penitence and gratitude, then that is worship. But golf and bicycling and Sunday newspapers are not.—Lyman Abbott.

A memorial building to the Lee children is to be erected at Calcutta to house the Dennett Training school and Home for Bengali Girls, of which Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee have had charge for several years, and which now has about 100 inmates. The girls are taught in Bengali and trained in various industries. The building will cost about 50,000 rupees, and will be a fitting memorial for the six children of Brother and Sister Lee who lost their lives in the great landslide at Darjeeling.

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry. "I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met." "How was that?" chorused the others. "She was the only woman I ever met who would have me."—Detroit Free Press.

"Excuse me, Madam," said the paying teller, "but you have not indorsed this check. If you will write your name on the back of it, it will be all right." "Oh, of course," said the little woman. "I had forgotten." Then she indorsed the check: "Sincerely yours, Janette Hicksworthy."—Harper's Bazar.

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